

SpongeBob Squarepants
Submission Part A
The Way the Better Sponge Lives

by
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EXT. BIKINI BOTTOM OPEN GRASSLAND - EARLY DAY

SQUIDWARD is walking through a grassy field on his way to work. He is slouching and grumbling.

SQUIDWARD

Another day at the Krusty Krab. I don't suppose
it won't be open to-

Shouting is coming from the direction he is walking. He looks up.

SQUIDWARD

Huh?

EXT. KRUSTY KRAB

A small crowd has gathered in front of the Krusty Krab. They are generating a general crowd noise.

SQUIDWARD walks towards the crowd and elbows his way through it. SPONGEBOB is standing on a trash can next to the Krusty Krab doors and shouting into a megaphone. The can has no lid - it is full of trash and he is standing directly on garbage. There is a newspaper hanging off the edge of the can. He is trying to start some sort of rally but it is clear he doesn't know what he's doing. The crowd is just staring blankly at him.

SPONGEBOB

Hear me, Krusty Krab patrons of Bikini Bottom!	Those
who would threaten our fine eatery must be stopped!	
Those who would stop us from serving to those who	
patronize us!	Those who may or may not be
responsible	for Mr. Krabs increasing the price of
our delicious	Krabby Patties to over a dollar! If we
stand up to	them, all as one, we can have the Krab
open in time for	closing! We shall have our patties!

We will fight in the kitchen and through the
restrooms! We will refund their aggression! We
shall not rest save for the mandated fifteen
minutes every two hours. Together, we can prevent the disunity
of togetherness forever!

The crowd has left.

SQUIDWARD

SpongeBob, what are you doing? Why are we closed?
Not that I care, nor am I complaining. Although my day
really wasn't missing your dulcet tones.

SPONGEBOB

Squidward! I'm so glad you're here! Mr. Krabs is
being sued! They have a lien on the Krusty Krab!

SQUIDWARD laughs. SPONGEBOB continues shouting into his
megaphone to no one.

SPONGEBOB

Krusty Krab patrons, look around! What don't you
see?! People enjoying Krabby Patties! Krusty Krab
wrappers on every sidewalk! This is the future we
are in risk of losing! We have been slandered! We
have been boarded up! But we shall see the
sun set through the see-through window
advertisements again!

SQUIDWARD

(humored)

Serves the old man right, I guess. I'm surprised he
lasted this long before he got someone mad at him.
Hm, I wonder where they're all going instead of here.

INT. CHUM BUCKET

The seating area in the Chum Bucket is full of diners eating
Chum Bucket food. There is a full line at the counter.
Plankton is standing in the middle of the seating area.

PLANKTON

Hooray!

Everyone in the Chum Bucket stops and looks at him.

EXT. KRUSTY KRAB

SPONGEBOB is still shouting into his megaphone, flailing his free arm around. SQUIDWARD is watching him, clearly bored, and is the only one around.

SPONGEBOB

(cont.)

The Krabby Pattie will return to its rightful place in our hearts and arteries!

SPONGEBOB begins sinking into the trashcan. Squidward's eyes follow.

SPONGEBOB

(cont.)

We will continue to enjoy the Slash Dance soda for an additional \$3.99! We will try the new barnacle fries with Krabbie Pattie Secret Formula Sauce! We will conquer this Whale of oppression and-

SPONGEBOB has sunk over his head in garbage. His arms are sticking out of the top, one holding the megaphone up to the trash and the other still flailing around. He is still attempting to shout into the megaphone, but is too muffled to understand.

SQUIDWARD

(sighs)

I guess I better go in and see if I can help Mr. Krabbs. He does make me do the company taxes. And his taxes. And Spongebob's. And Patrick's for some reason.

SQUIDWARD notices the newspaper hanging from the garbage can. He picks it up.

SQUIDWARD

Huh? What's this?

He opens it and reads it. Inside is a large ad for a squid-themed art exhibition.

SQUIDWARD

(cont.)

Gasp! There's an exhibition at the art gallery downtown of the work of Salvador Grimaldi? The Great Grimaldi, the richest and most famous artist in the world? And I didn't know about it?! Oh, but I should stay here and try to help.

SQUIDWARD hears a door inside the Krusty Krab open. He looks inside. A clearly panicked MR. KRABS has rushed out of his office trailing a cloud of papers and forms behind him. He alternates between punching buttons on the cash register and glancing through a stack of papers. He is making incoherent panicked noises and orphaned syllables.

SQUIDWARD looks inside at MR. KRABS. MR. KRABS doesn't see him.

Smash cut.

INT. ART GALLERY

SQUIDWARD is looking around an art gallery of squid-themed fine art. The gallery is full of people, mostly other squids. There is relaxing music playing. He looks at several pieces including Squid David, Squid Crazy Stairs, and Squid Vitruvian Man before stopping at Squid Pieta. Squid Pieta is a statue of a squid woman cradling a wounded sponge character. SQUIDWARD frowns at it.

RICHARD

(offscreen)

Oh, that one's my favorite.

SQUIDWARD looks over and sees RICHARD. He is a sponge character. He is a round sponge but does have faint corners. He is wearing a bow tie and a white shirt, shorts with

suspenders, flop-flops with socks pulled up and held with sock garters, has horn-rimmed glasses, and has hair that is parted in the middle. He overall looks like a dweebier Spongebob. He sounds similar to a cross between Spongebob and Filbert from Rocko's Modern Life.

SQUIDWARD
(mumbling)

Yeah? I wonder why.

RICHARD
(laughs)

Yeah, big mystery, right? It's just so rare to find sponges represented in art, so seeing a modern classic like this is really exciting for me.

SQUIDWARD
(thoughtful)

I hadn't thought about that. To me, though, it makes me think of work.

RICHARD

Why's that?

SQUIDWARD

Because supporting someone else's weight reminds me of my coworkers.

They both laugh heartily. When they finish, RICHARD pulls SQUIDWARD over to the Squid Whistler's Mother.

RICHARD

Now look at this one. One of his most famous, but few people know that it's really a portrait of-

SQUIDWARD

Madame Florence Grimaldi from Shaggy Bottom! His mother, not his wife. Not very many people know that.

RICHARD

I'm Richard.

They shake hands.

SQUIDWARD

Squidward Tentacles.

SQUIDWARD AND RICHARD smile at each other. A montage begins of them goofing off throughout the art gallery. RICHARD sits on Squid Leonardo's Horse while SQUIDWARD takes a picture. They correct a miniature of the Leaning Tower of Squid. They change the frown on the Squid Mask of Tragedy to a smiley. SQUIDWARD smells a painting of Squid van Gogh's Sunflowers. They both drink from Squid Duchamp's Fountain. They high-five a map of Squid Michigan, leaving handprints on it and they run away. The montage ends with fewer people in the gallery as before.

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD are both on one end of a crowbar trying to pry off the shell covering the statue of Squid David. They exert themselves greatly and the crowbar bends. The whole statue poofs into dust. Every piece of artwork in the gallery then poofs into dust, even the paintings. Then the remaining people in the gallery poof into dust. RICHARD and SQUIDWARD are left wide-eyed in an empty gallery full of dust of poofed art.

SECURITY GUARD

HEY!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD cringe and begin whimpering as the SECURITY GUARD approaches them. The guard is a standard fish design with a security guard uniform, a star badge, and a handheld radio on his belt. There is no nightstick visible.

SECURITY GUARD

I've been watching you play with the exhibits this entire time! I've been patient so far but breaking the other attendees is a toe out of line!

The SECURITY GUARD pulls out a nightclub.

SECURITY GUARD

Now I have to hit you with this stick really, really hard!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD scream and run away.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, hold still!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD bowl the SECURITY GUARD over on their way out of the gallery. They run down a hallway. The SECURITY GUARD chases after.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD scream. They open the nearest door. Several scary-looking busts lean out at them. They scream. The SECURITY GUARD closes in on them, waving his nightstick.

SECURITY GUARD

Don't go in there!

They scream again as they see him and run into the room, slamming the door. Inside the room is dark, and there is a full wall of spooking and scary busts and sculptures looking at them. The SECURITY GUARD pounds on the door. The pair cower and sweat against the door.

SQUIDWARD

(panicking)

What do we do now?!

RICHARD

Uh, uh. Oh! To the food court!

SQUIDWARD

(incredulous)

The food court?!

RICHARD

I think there's a place we can hide there! On the count of three! One!

SQUIDWARD

Where can we hide in the food court?!

INT. ART GALLERY FOOD COURT

The food court is empty. There are no customers around and all of the vendors appear to be closed except one. The booth has a big "Wacky Whaley's" sign over it and is staffed by clerk JAY and clerk BOB. JAY is a tall, skinny, light fish with a hair net and his shirt tucked in. BOB is a short, round, dark fish with his shirt untucked and Mermaidman logo baseball hat. They are standing at the register and look extremely bored. There is a bank of shiny steel fryers and ovens behind them. JAY speaks with a surfer accent.

JAY

So, did you see it earlier when everyone went 'poof', or was that just me?

BOB nods. JAY clenches his fists at his side.

JAY

(angered)

You know, man, I wouldn't mind it if you'd join the conversation once in a while.

BOB looks at JAY surprised.

RICHARD

There it is!

A startled JAY and BOB look out into the food court. RICHARD and SQUIDWARD are running full bore towards them, leaving a cloud of dust and uprooted chairs and tables behind them.

SQUIDWARD

Gain way!

RICHARD

Sanctuary!

JAY and BOB wave their hands at the pair to try to get them to stop.

JAY

No! No no no! Think about this man, this ain't right!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD jump over the counter onto JAY and BOB, knocking them flat on the ground. A panicked SQUIDWARD pins BOB to the ground and starts shaking him.

SQUIDWARD
We need to hide! Richard said you could hide us!
Hide us, please!

JAY
(excited)
No way!

SQUIDWARD stops shaking BOB and looks over to JAY. BOB is visibly dizzy. JAY is standing next to RICHARD.

JAY
Bob, look, its Richard what's-his-pants that we work for! He owns the company!

RICHARD
(bashful)
Oh, now, no. We don't need to go through all this-
SQUIDWARD and BOB get up. BOB is still dizzy and is having trouble standing.

SQUIDWARD
(shocked)
You're the owner of Wacky Whaley's! Why didn't you tell me?

RICHARD
(bashful)
Well, frankly, when would I have been able to?

JAY
Yeah, man, look!

JAY gestures to a poster on the wall. It is an advertisement of RICHARD holding a fish sandwich. It is next to another poster that says "Security Information" and has the same star badge as the SECURITY OFFICER. RICHARD and SQUIDWARD look at each other nervously.

JAY

Yeah, man, things have been so much better since you took over, man!

RICHARD discreetly rips the security poster from the wall and pockets it.

JAY

(gushing)

We get overtime, benefits like dental and
chiropractic! We don't gotta worry about college and
student loans anymore, oh, man, you're great!

RICHARD

(bashful)

Oh, well, I don't know if I'd say I'm all that-

SECURITY GUARD

Hey!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD start panicking again.

SQUIDWARD

You have to hide us!

JAY

Just get under the counter, quick!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD dive under the counter. JAY and BOB resume their same positions from before, but this time with cheesy grins. The SECURITY GUARD runs up to the counter. He has a foot print on his face and a door knob sticking out from behind his lapel.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, you two! You didn't happen to see a couple of dweebs running by here, did you?

JAY

(lying badly)

Oh, me, no, man. You see anyone, Bob?

Bob shakes his head. He is lying badly.

JAY

Bob says he didn't see anyone.

SECURITY GUARD

(unconvinced)

Oh, really? I suppose you missed all this, too?

The SECURITY GUARD motions behind him. There is a massive wake of upturned chairs and tables making a direct beeline for JAY and BOB. JAY and BOB smile harder and begin sweating.

JAY

Nope. Didn't notice anything.

SECURITY GUARD

Oh, really? I suppose the two guys under your counter just happen to look just like them?

The SECURITY GUARD points to the shiny steel equipment behind them. JAY and BOB look. RICHARD and SQUIDWARD can be seen cowering with their eyes closed beneath the counter in the reflection. They open their eyes. They scream.

JAY

Run, man, run!

All four of them dash from the booth screaming, the SECURITY GUARD giving chase. They run to a set of double doors.

JAY

Go, cool-boss-man and friend, we got this!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD run through one of the doors. JAY and BOB stand in front of the door in defensive poses. The SECURITY GUARD runs through the other door. JAY and BOB look dejected.

JAY

Aw, man.

INT. HALLWAY

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD are running down a long, windy hallway with no doors or windows. They are huffing, sweating, and panicking. They round a bend and come to a dead end!

SQUIDWARD

Dead end, what do we do!?

The SECURITY GUARD can be heard from down the hall.

SECURITY GUARD

You can't get away down here!

They both scream and run into the dead end and begin beating the wall in a panic.

SECURITY GUARD

There you are!

The SECURITY GUARD has rounded the corner. RICHARD and SQUIDWARD cower and sink to the floor. The SECURITY GUARD holds his nightstick out and slowly advances down the hall.

RICHARD

Wait! There's got to be a better way!

The SECURITY GUARD advances on them. RICHARD pulls out the security poster from earlier. He studies it briefly. He pulls out his shell phone and punches numbers. He holds it up to his ear. An incoherent phone voice is heard.

RICHARD

Hello, is this the security company?

The voice responds briefly.

RICHARD

Could I speak with the manager in charge? Do I have to wait? Oh, okay. But do hurry!

The SECURITY GUARD advances closer, even more menacing than before.

SQUIDWARD

Richard, I don't know what you think you're doing, but hurry up! He's coming closer!

RICHARD

I know! I know!

The voice from the phone speaks again.

RICHARD

Hello?! Hello?! Yes! Hello, my name is Richard and I am from the Wacky Whaley's company. I - I mean, uh -

RICHARD glances at SQUIDWARD. SQUIDWARD nods his head vigorously, sending beads of sweat flying everywhere.

RICHARD

Yes, we are interested in the immediate assumed services of your company. Yes immediately-as-in-right-this-very-second! Well, what would that take?

The phone responds. RICHARD gasps.

RICHARD

But that's-

The pair is covered by the SECURITY GUARD 's shadow.

SQUIDWARD

Richard!

RICHARD

Okay! I'll do it! I'm texting you the information now!

RICHARD mashes buttons on his shell phone. The SECURITY GUARD finishes advancing and is literally standing at the pair's feet. He raises his nightstick for a strike. RICHARD and SQUIDWARD cower. A voice comes from the SECURITY GUARD 's radio. He lowers his nightstick and answers the radio.

SECURITY GUARD

Hello? Yes. Yeah?

The SECURITY GUARD and the voice from the radio have a short conversation. The SECURITY GUARD simply answers in short positives, increasing in excitement each time.

SQUIDWARD

What did you do?

RICHARD

(smugly)

I bought out the security guard company.

The SECURITY GUARD finishes his conversation. At this point he is very excited and beaming with happiness.

SECURITY GUARD

(into his radio)

Yeah, that's great news! Thanks for telling me immediately!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD smile at each other.

SECURITY GUARD

(into his radio)

Oh, hey, before you go, I got a couple of guys who were causing some trouble. What do you want me to do with them?

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD stop smiling. They stare at the SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

(into his radio)

Alright, then. Hey, thanks again!

The SECURITY GUARD puts his radio and nightstick away.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, guys, great news! My company just got bought out!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD smile at each other.

SECURITY GUARD

(beaming)

Oh, it sounds great, too! We're gonna start getting benefits, and overtime, and medical coverage, dental, chiropractic, retirement and pension. For my whole family, and my kids are getting full rides to college! I can't wait to tell everyone! Whoever did this just can't know what this means for us. I can't ever

imagine hitting that person with a stick! Oh, and I get the rest of today off!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD begin celebrating.

The SECURITY GUARD pulls his nightstick back out.

SECURITY GUARD

(cont.)

Just as soon as I hit the two of you with a stick!

The SECURITY GUARD raises the nightstick to strike. RICHARD and SQUIDWARD pause, stunned. RICHARD starts crying. SQUIDWARD starts crying, too, after a second. The SECURITY GUARD looks at them blankly. He scratches his chin with his free hand, his other hand still holding the nightstick aloft. His head perks up as he notices something on the wall behind them. He pokes the wall with the nightstick, depressing a part of the wall. The wall spins, shoveling a startled RICHARD and SQUIDWARD into the next room.

INT. CURATOR'S OFFICE.

The CURATOR 's office is furnished with busts, pendulum clocks, and full bookshelves. The CURATOR is sitting patiently at his desk. He is another standard fish character but wearing a light gray suit with light pink accents. There is a lever sticking up next to his desk.

A clock on the yellow wall ticks. Several directional lamps move and focus on RICHARD and SQUIDWARD. They glance nervously around. The CURATOR speaks to them in an unnervingly soothing voice.

CURATOR

Hello, boys. I have been expecting you.

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD get up and begin walking nervously toward the CURATOR.

SQUIDWARD

Expecting us? How? We didn't know we'd be here.

CURATOR

Oh, the art world knows a great many things you can't possibly imagine.

He stares at them for a moment.

CURATOR

I understand you broke quite a few rules today.

SQUIDWARD

(lying badly)

Rules? What rules? I didn't see any rules, did we, Richard?

RICHARD stares at him blankly.

CURATOR

Oh, but you did.

The CURATOR gets up and walks up to them. He is holding something in his hand too small to see.

CURATOR

The stub that we retained when you bought your ticket clearly states that all purchasers and guests of the art gallery will follow all rules decreed and interpreted by the curator, as enforced by the discretion of security personnel, etcetera, etcetera.

Purchasers forfeit all rights to habeas corpus and self-incrimination, etcetera, etcetera. Quando omni flunkus morituri, etcetera, and rules include and are not limited to vandalism and compromising the structural integrity of guests to the art gallery other than themselves! See for yourselves!

The CURATOR shoves his hand into the pair's faces. RICHARD and SQUIDWARD bunch their heads together in order to see. The tiny stubs in the CURATOR's hand have his words printed on them verbatim. They cringe and start sweating again.

RICHARD

Um. Oh!

RICHARD snaps his fingers. He reaches beneath his suspender as if reaching into a vest or jacket. He pulls out a blank check and displays it. The CURATOR raises his eyebrow.

RICHARD

I don't suppose we could come to an understanding, could we? I can fill this with all sorts of numbers.

The CURATOR looks at it thoughtfully. He takes the check and walks back to his desk. SQUIDWARD smiles and gives RICHARD a thumbs-up. RICHARD meekly smiles back. The CURATOR sits down, clicks a pen, and begins writing on the check. RICHARD looks confident. The CURATOR keeps writing. RICHARD's smile fades from confidence to dread as the curator keeps writing. He stops writing after a moment and clicks his pen. He sticks the check into his jacket.

CURATOR

Thank you, Mister Richard, your donation will cover the material and legal damages incurred to the gallery that your actions have caused.

SQUIDWARD breathes a sigh of relief. RICHARD laughs nervously.

RICHARD

(laughing nervously)

Haha, what, uh, what all did you write down?

CURATOR

There is a still matter of clearing things with the artist, of course.

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD freeze. The CURATOR reaches for the lever beside his desk.

CURATOR

Goodbye.

He pulls the lever. The floor beneath RICHARD and SQUIDWARD falls out. They fall down the hole, screaming.

INT. ARTIST'S ROOM

The ARTIST's room is a large chamber. It is poorly lit so the full extent cannot be seen. Only the characters themselves are seen.

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD pick themselves off the floor after their fall.

SQUIDWARD

Where are we?

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

So you are the ones?

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD look up. THE GREAT GRIMALDI's face is in shadow, his silhouette shows he is a squid, though what can be seen of his head has more texture than SQUIDWARD. He is extremely tall, at least 20 feet, towering over the pair. He is sitting in a giant director's chair in the middle of the room, and wearing a long black robe. He speaks slowly, and with an extremely deep voice.

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

So you are the ones that have disrespected me so?

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD cower.

SQUIDWARD

We're sorry! I just came here to have fun; it wasn't supposed to end this way!

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

Fun?!

The Great Grimaldi stands. He motions to the empty room.

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

Not but ten minutes ago this room was full of my
life's work. Then you made it all vanish.

RICHARD

(mock cheerfulness)

Well, then, you must be the Great Grimaldi? It's an honor to meet such an amazing artist-

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

(angered)

Artist?! Artist is what I was. I was whimsy. I was creation. But not anymore.

He looks at them. They cower more.

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

Now, I have become anger. Now, I have become...

He takes a great step towards them, now looking directly down upon them.

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

Retribution!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD cower more than ever.

RICHARD

I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I'll pay for it! I'll pay for everything!

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

Of course you will!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD cower.

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

As stated by your ticket stubs you will pay for any of my masterpieces that you destroy!

RICHARD

(stammering)

But, but, but, the man in the office showed us those stubs. They didn't say anything about-

THE GREAT GRIMALDI through his fists up dramatically.

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

The back side!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD cower again.

RICHARD

But, that's good, then, right? Everything's taken
care of, then?

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

Fool! Your money cannot save you from-

THE GREAT GRIMALDI reaches his hand up his other sleeve.

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD cower more than ever and beg. He pulls
out a container of glue.

THE GREAT GRIMALDI

This!

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD stare.

SQUIDWARD

(gobsmacked)

What?

The SECURITY GUARD runs up behind RICHARD and SQUIDWARD and hit
them both in the head with one swing. They yell and flinch.

SECURITY GUARD

There!

Bubble transition.

EXT. BIKINI BOTTOM OPEN GRASSLAND - MID DAY

RICHARD and SQUIDWARD are walking through the same grassland as
the beginning. They are staring at their bandaged hands as they
walk. They have great welts on their heads where the SECURITY
GUARD struck them, which are also bandaged.

RICHARD

That was an expensive trip.

SQUIDWARD

I can't believe they made us glue everything back
together.

RICHARD

I can't believe they made us glue everyone back together. That one lady could've been a little nicer about it.

SQUIDWARD looks up and squints suspiciously as he realizes where he is.

SQUIDWARD

Hey, this looks familiar. Where are you taking me?

Richard perks up.

RICHARD

Oh! I figured I'd take you to work with me!

SQUIDWARD

(dawning realization)

Work?

RICHARD

(cheerful)

Yup! A number of years ago we had a Bikini Bottom location near here. Somehow we seem to have lost track of it and the owner has been operating as if he were independent since then, so he owes a ton in taxes, lost revenue, licensing fees, the like. Luckily, we received an ominous phone call a few days ago, so now we're taking the necessary legal action to get it back.

SQUIDWARD

(dreadful)

You're not talking about-

SQUIDWARD sees the Krusty Krab ahead.

SQUIDWARD

(cont.)

The Krusty Krab!

SpongeBob Squarepants
Submission Part B
The Prodigal Sponge Returns

by
Jonathan Case Lamphere

February 28, 2016

INT. KRUSTY KRAB

MR. KRABS and SPONGEBOB are huddled together looking at a sign. The restaurant is dark and there is no one else inside. The mood is very melodramatic. MR. KRABS sounds tired and sulky.

MR. KRABS

Thanks for being here with me for this, SpongeBob. I don't think I could've done it alone.

SPONGEBOB

I'm glad to be here, Mr. Krabs. I always have been.

SPONGEBOB watches as MR. KRABBS puts a "Closed until Further Notice" sign in the Krusty Krab's window. MR. KRABS looks sad.

SPONGEBOB

I just wonder where Squidward's been off to.

MR. KRABS

Oh, I'm sure he has a good reason for not being here.

SQUIDWARD pokes his head through the door.

SPONGEBOB

Oh, hi, Squidward!

SQUIDWARD

Yeah, SpongeBob, hi. Mr. Krabs, they're here.

MR. KRABS turns to SPONGEBOB.

MR. KRABS

Wait in the back, boy. Maybe some Krabbie Patties
will change their minds.

SPONGEBOB

Yes, sir.

SPONGEBOB leaves. MR. KRABS takes a breath.

MR. KRABBS

Let'em in, Squidward.

SQUIDWARD starts to open the door the rest of the way. Two large body guard fish burst through the doors, shoulder-to-shoulder, bulldozing SQUIDWARD inside. They are dressed in suits and sunglasses and have the same star badge as the SECURITY GUARD. SQUIDWARD and MR. KRABS stand together in the middle of the restaurant intimidated. The two body guards stand in from of them. The body guards part, revealing RICHARD behind them. He walks up to SQUIDWARD and MR. KRABBS. He doesn't offer his hand.

RICHARD

Eugene Krabs?

MR. KRABS

Yes.

RICHARD

Do you know who I am?

MR. KRABS

You're the guy that owns them Wacky Whacky food
places.

RICHARD

I own the Krusty Krab.

SQUIDWARD

Mr. Krabs, are you just gonna let him say that?

MR. KRABS

Sush, Squidward. Why don't we all go into me office?
We can discuss this more privately in there.

MR. KRABS motions towards his office. RICHARD considers a moment, then walks in that direction. The others make to follow. There is a knock at the door. They look. There is a small crowd waiting outside.

CUSTOMER

Hey, are you open? We'd like some krabbie patties.

SQUIDWARD

(irritated)

Can't you read the sign, you dunderheads-

One of the body guards covers SQUIDWARD's mouth. He walks slowly towards the door. He opens the door and stands menacingly in front of the crowd. He pops into a cheesy smiling face and friendly tone.

BODY GUARD

I'm sorry, sir, but as of today the Krusty Krab is under new management. But you're free to try our new menu.

The body guard turns to the other body guard and nods to him. The other nods back and walks to the kitchen. SPONGEBOB is heard hollering and getting tossed into a pile of pans. Food is heard being quickly cooked and prepared. He darts back with both of his arms are covered in rows of trays filled with food. The food looks only slightly different than normal Krusty Krab food. The body guards start ushering them in and handing them each trays.

BODY GUARD

Here you go folks. On the house! Courtesy of Wacky Whaley's!

The customers are enthusiastic and sit down with their trays. They respond positively to the food, though they act like it is really dry. RICHARD looks on smiling. SQUIDWARD and Mr. KRABS

look dejected. RICHARD turns to them as his body guards return to him.

RICHARD
(triumphantly)

Now that we've started establishing a market, I think I would like to see my office, now, please.

All five walk to MR. KRAB's office. SQUIDWARD and MR. KRABS look morose.

INT. CHUM BUCKET

The Chum Bucket is full of customers eating at tables. No one is retching at the food, but no one seems enthusiastic, either. PLANKTON is standing on the counter talking with a customer.

PLANKTON
Well, I'm sorry, sir, but the Chum Bucket only serves Fizzy Tonic soda.

CUSTOMER
(angered)
Well, the Krusty Krab carried all the big-name sodas!

PLANKTON
Well, Krabs just got shut down for dishonest business practices, so there!

The customer grumbles and storms off. PLANKTON watches him leave, and sees several other people leave with him. He gets slightly panicky.

PLANKTON
Uh, oh. They're leaving. But this is the first real business I've ever had. I can't just let it end!
What am I doing wrong?

A guy bursts in.

GUY
Hey, everyone! The Krusty Krab just let some people in and gave them all free food!

Everyone gasps. Including Plankton.

PLANKTON

But they're closed!

GUY

Yeah, I don't know if they're gonna do it again, but come on, everyone, let's go, they might!

Everyone piles out of the Chum Bucket. A stunned PLANKTON is left alone. He looks out the window and sees everyone piling in front of the Krusty Krab.

PLANKTON

Seriously?! They're not even open! What do they have that I don't got? They don't even have food right now!

A thought dawns on him.

PLANKTON

Maybe it is the soda. I could steal Krabs'. He certainly isn't using it. Oh, but I've been trying to cut back on going after the Krabbie Pattie Secret Formula. That's why I called Wacky Whaley's and tattled on him; that was always my trump card, and I didn't want it hanging over me anymore.

He looks at the Krusty Krab more intently.

PLANKTON

But soda doesn't have anything to do with the krabbie pattie. And Krabs is already ruined. It's just borrowing, right?

PLANKTON looks longingly at the KRUSTY KRAB.

INT. MR. KRABS' OFFICE

RICHARD is seated at MR. KRABS' desk, sitting in his chair. His two bodyguards are flanking either side. MR. KRABS is seated in front of the desk on a chair too small for him. SQUIDWARD is

standing beside him. They both look nervous. RICHARD has takes a condescending attitude.

RICHARD

So, Eugene. You've been running one of my restaurants for several years now as if it were your own. Do you have anything to say for yourself?

MR. KRABS

(flop sweat)

Arr, the krabbie pattie has been the Krab's flagship item since I introduced it. That is purely me. And we haven't used anything of yours since the few weeks we were open. I only split off as soon as we got on me own feet.

RICHARD

So you're saying you embezzled funds in order to establish your own restaurant?!

MR. KRAB cringes and his eyes dart around the room, as he searches for words.

MR. KRABS

Arr, arr, uh, arr, uh, arr, arr-

SPONGEBOB throws the door open. He is holding a tray of drinks and krabbie patties. He is cheerful and acting like he's making a triumphant entrance. He is flourishing the tray and isn't actually looking at anyone.

SPONGEBOB

Hello, dignitaries! My I present you the finest dining in Bikini Bottom: the Krabbie Patt-

SPONGEBOB looks up. He gasps and nearly drops the tray.

SPONGEBOB

(shocked)

Richard?!

RICHARD

(officiously)

Oh, hello SpongeBob.

SQUIDWARD

SpongeBob, you know this guy?!

SPONGEBOB points at RICHARD accusingly.

SPONGEBOB

He's my big brother!

SQUIDWARD and MR. KRABS

What?!

RICHARD frowns and groans.

INT. KRUSTY KRAB CUSTOMER SEATING AREA

The customers from before are still eating and enjoying their meals. One of them is making a big display of slurping his drink. The soda fountain is in the background, but is in focus.

PLANKTON is heard grunting. The soda fountain slides sideways out of view. A customer walks up with an empty cup to where it was and looks around confused.

PLANKTON manages to push the fountain across the room without being seen. He gets the fountain through the front door and closes it behind him. Another customer comes up to the door with an empty glass and tries to leave.

KRAB CUSTOMER

Uh oh. They locked the door.

He looks at his empty cup.

KRAB CUSTOMER

And I'm starting to get really thirsty.

EXT. KRUSTY KRAB

PLANKTON has managed to push the soda fountain to the curb. He is standing next to the fountain, with trash cans on the other side. He rubs his hands together, gloating.

PLANKTON

Finally! Soon I'll get this puppy hooked up and all those people will come flocking back!

He hugs the fountain.

A garbage truck pulls up. The garbage man takes the garbage cans and throws them in the truck. PLANKTON hollers and protests as he takes the fountain and throws it in the truck. The truck drives off.

INT. MR. KRABS' OFFICE

RICHARD and SPONGEBOB are both standing in front of MR. KRABS' desk, glaring at each other. MR. KRABS is still seated in the small chair, the two bodyguards are flanking him, and SQUIDWARD is standing to the side.

SPONGEBOB

Richard, what are you doing here?!

RICHARD

(regally)

I am here suing Mr. Krabs as the CEO of Wacky Whaley's and reclaiming our rogue franchise location.

SPONGEBOB

The Krab was a Wacky Whaley's location? I guess that explains the giant whale head above the door.

SPONGEBOB gestures to the giant smiling whale head figurehead hanging above the office door. This has never been seen before and will never be seen again.

SPONGEBOB

Wait! Richard, I didn't know you were the CEO of Wacky Whaley's! Why didn't you tell me?

RICHARD

You were at my promotion party!

SPONGEBOB

Oh! I thought that was my nephew's bar mitzvah.

RICHARD

We don't have a nephew!

SPONGEBOB

Oh. But why are you the CEO?

RICHARD

Well, Wacky Whaley intended to keep it in the family, but when his daughter unfortunately disappeared when she was very young, he was left with no heir. Besides his very best employee, of course. Come to think of it she disappeared about the same time Krabs went rouge.

MR. KRABS starts sweating.

MR. KRABS

(hopefully)

So, uh, SpongeBobs your brother, eh? No chance you'd leave us be for your old bro's sake, is there?

RICHARD

No.

MR. KRABS slumps dejectedly.

SPONGEBOB

Of course not! Good old Richard the know-it-all, the I-never-have-time-for-you, the always-important.

RICHARD

Well, one of us had to stop living in fairyworld and grow up! You still get Grandma's kisses!

SPONGEBOB

And look at you now, tearing down the lives of three people like some inhuman monster, and for what?

RICHARD

I'm taking care of business!

SPONGEBOB

When has Mr. Krabs not taken care of business? When has he ever cheated or taken advantage of someone? Name one instance that Mr. Krabs was ever dishonest.

The bodyguards and SQUIDWARD look at MR. KRABS. MR. KRABBS is extremely uncomfortable. RICHARD pulls out a gum-encrusted envelope from his pocket.

RICHARD

Look at this!

MR. KRABS gasps and holds his head in shock.

MR. KRABS

I can explain!

SPONGEBOB

(genuinely perplexed)

What is it?

RICHARD starts waving the envelope around to accentuate his words.

RICHARD

Its the letter he should have sent to us when he went independent! This would have taken care of everything! He never sent it! I found it stuck under his chair with gum!

SPONGEBOB gasps.

SPONGEBOB

Mr. Krabs, how could you?!

MR. KRABS

(pleading)

I had to pay postage! It forty seven whole cents!

RICHARD

(shouting)

Do you see who you've fallen in with SPONGEBOB? Do
 you see what happens when you think everyone just wants to
 be your friend?! As soon as we got this tip I
 saw your name in the employee registry, and I knew that no
 one else was going to come save poor little SpongeBob
 again!

RICHARD slams his hands over his mouth, embarrassed. SPONGEBOB
 stares at him.

EXT. ROADSIDE

The garbage truck barrels along a road in the middle of nowhere.
 PLANKTON is heard grunting. The soda fountain tumbles off the
 back of the truck. He lands on top of the fountain.

PLANKTON

Phew! I'm glad I didn't get off that thing any later.
 That could have turned into a bad situation.

He realizes he's sitting in the middle of a pack of wild worm
 hounds. They are all in a circle around him and snarling.
 PLANKTON panics.

PLANKTON

Oh, no! I am in a bad situation!

The worms stop growling. They back away and bow to him.

PLANKTON

Huh?

PLANKTON looks down. He realizes that he and the soda fountain
 landed on the alpha worm. It groans. He stands triumphant.

PLANKTON

Ha! Bunch of dumb animals! That wasn't hard at all.

The worms continue to stare at him.

PLANKTON

What? Oh. Oh, no, I can't be your new leader. I
 can't even lead my own restaurant. I can't even lead
 this soda fountain across the street.

The worms begin to look dejected.

The back of the pack begins to get tossed aside. A huge grizzly worm is suddenly attacking the pack. It roars as it throws aside more worm hounds, charging in the direction of PLANKTON.

PLANKTON

Oh, no! A giant grizzly worm! Protect me, minions!

The worm hounds howl and pile onto the grizzly. It roars back and it and the worm hounds struggle.

PLANKTON

Ha! That took care of that problem. Now to make my escape before they remember I'm here.

PLANKTON goes to start pushing the fountain and leave. The grizzly roars and the worms whimper. PLANKTON looks at them. The worms are struggling, the grizzly easily throwing them aside, barely impeded. PLANKTON's heartstrings are struck.

The grizzly roars and bites onto several worms and throws them aside. PLANKTON roars. He jumps into the air over the worm pack. He has Braveheart makeup and has the fountain hose nozzle in one hand. He lands on the grizzly and wraps the hose around its throat. The grizzly roars at him. He roars back and jumps to the ground. He pulls on the hose. The grizzly struggles to remain upright. The worms howl and pile onto it again, this time taking it down. PLANKTON and the worms all pile onto it as it hits the ground. They all howl. PLANKTON throws his arms up.

PLANKTON

Follow me and you will never go thirsty again!

INT. MR. KRABS' OFFICE

SPONGEBOB

So that's what this is about? You don't think the Krab is good enough for me?

RICHARD

(chuckling)

Good enough? Oh, SpongeBob, you hold yourself to too high a standard. I just know that mom and dad wouldn't want their favorite working for a man guilty of fraud.

SPONGEBOB

But you were always the favorite, Richard.

RICHARD

(mumbling)

No I wasn't.

MR. KRABS leans forward.

MR. KRABS

Hey! I know you don't think much of me, but SpongeBob is the best frycook I've ever known!

The bodyguards each put a hand on his shoulders and push him back in his chair.

RICHARD

Well, then, that sounds like your problem.

SQUIDWARD

Hey! SpongeBob may be annoying, he may be a pain in my side, and you may be a powerful executive and have a great taste in art, but he actually is the greatest frycook in Bikini Bottom and beside, you shouldn't talk about your brother that way!

RICHARD

(unconvinced)

Hm. Maybe so. SpongeBob? Do you even know what a franchise is?

SPONGEBOB

Of course!

SPONGEBOB takes a deep breath and holds up a finger.

SPONGEBOB

(in one breath)

A franchise is a special privilege granted to an individual or group, especially the right or license granted to an individual or group to market a company's goods or service in a particular territory, also, a business granted such a right or license and the territory involved in such an agreement.

Everyone looks at him wide-eyed.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

The worms are celebrating their victory while the grizzly sits in the back looking chastised. They howl and chase each other playfully.

A loud siren pierces their party and several trucks marked "Pound" pull up. The worms panic and scatter. Uniformed worm catchers pile from the trucks with nets and catch the worms. They begin placing the worms in the back of the trucks. One truck balloons outward as the grizzly worm is crammed into his own truck.

The last worms are being lead to the trucks on leashes. They see PLANKTON standing nearby. The smile and bark at him pleadingly. PLANKTON just looks at them and begins to tear up.

PLANKTON

I'm sorry! This was the only way!

The worms look at him shocked and heart-broken. PLANKTON waves his arms in the air as he wishes to be understood.

PLANKTON

You need something more than what I can give you! They can give you foster people, forever homes! Spade and neuter you! You can enter service programs and take care of the blind and needy!

The worms keep watching him as the doors close and the trucks pull away. PLANKTON shouts after the trucks.

PLANKTON

I hear they have low euthanasia rates!

He collapses to his knees sobbing. He collects himself after a moment. He walks over to the soda fountain and sniffles as he begins to push it back to the Chum Bucket. There is one worm catcher left.

WORM CATCHER

Excuse me, are you Sheldon J. Plankton, owner of the Chum Bucket?

PLANKTON
(deadpan)

Yes.

The worm catcher places a hand cuff around PLANKTON.

PLANKTON
(deadpan)

Oh.

INT. MR. KRABS' OFFICE

RICHARD

Well, it's been fun, but my mind is made up.
Gentlemen.

RICHARD and his bodyguards leave the office. SPONGEBOB and SQUIDWARD turn to MR. KRABS.

SPONGEBOB
Is there nothing else we can do to save the Krab, Mr. Krabs?

MR. KRABS
(morose)
I'm afraid not, SpongeBob, me boy.

MR. KRABS puts his arms around SPONGEBOB and SQUIDWARD.

MR. KRABS
Come on, boys. If I'm walking out of here for the last time, I'd like to do it with my boys.

RICHARD and his bodyguards gasp at something offscreen.
SQUIDWARD, SPONGEBOB, and MR. KRABS elbow their way past them.

SQUIDWARD

What?

The customers from before all slumped over their seats and in front of the door. They are all thoroughly dehydrated into skin and bones. They are moaning.

KRAB CUSTOMER

Water! Refreshment!

RICHARD, SPONGEBOB, SQUIDWARD, MR. KRABS, and the two bodyguards scream in horror.

SPONGEBOB

How did this happen?!

RICHARD

(panicking)

I don't know! I don't know! We gave them their food
and we went into the meeting!

SPONGEBOB

You left customers unattended?!

RICHARD

I don't know! I don't know! Do something!

SPONGEBOB springs into action. He bolts into the kitchen. He look at the kitchen sink. The faucet is corroded solid. He looks at the grill and has an idea. He scrapes all the grease off the grill and scoops in into metal cups. He scoops ice cream into the cups and blends it.

He dashes back out to the customers with an armload of Krabbie Pattie milkshakes and passes them out one-by-one. RICHARD stands by and looks amazed. The customers quickly slurp them up through the straws and look instantly healthy again. They all calmly exit the building single file, smiling. SPONGEBOB is standing at the door thanking them all for their business.

RICHARD glares at his bodyguards. They bow their heads, chastised. SPONGEBOB returns to RICHARD.

RICHARD

That was amazing!

SPONGEBOB

Oh, that was nothing.

RICHARD

No, I'm serious! Where did you learn that?

SPONGEBOB

Nowhere. I guess it's just heart.

RICHARD

Heart?

SPONGEBOB sighs.

SPONGEBOB

Richard.	I like working here.	I might not get paid
much but I'm rich in the friendship of everyone around		
me.	Everyone in town knows me and they're always	
happy	to see me. So what if I still get grandma kisses?	
You	may have untold millions and yachts and private	
jets,	but Grandma says that whenever you call all	
you can	talk about is how lonely you are at the top!	
And look	at you! You're prematurely rounding! So	
I'm asking	you again; please let the Krusty Krab	
go?		

RICHARD looks hard at SPONGEBOB. He takes out the gum-covered envelope again and turns to MR. KRABS. He holds up the envelope.

RICHARD

Mr. Krabs, after much considering, I think I will
accept this letter and expunge you of all
wrong-doing
and recognize you as an independent
establishment.

MR. KRABS gasps. He smiles and looks like his heart is about to burst!

MR. KRABS
(beaming)

Really?

RICHARD

Really.

MR. KRABS begins dancing and celebrating. RICHARD holds out the envelope again.

RICHARD

And we'll be happy to cover the postage.

MR. KRABS celebrates even harder. SQUIDWARD protests as MR. KRABS starts dancing with him.

RICHARD turns to SPONGEBOB. They hug. The bodyguards smile and leave out the front door. SPONGEBOB breaks the hug.

SPONGEBOB

But, Richard! What about taking care of business?

RICHARD

Oh, don't worry about that. We did some more digging and found out that we had two rouge restaurants in Bikini Bottom.

The bodyguards can be seen through the door. They are supporting a pair of handcuffs between them. The person in the handcuffs is too small to see.

PLANKTON

No! It wasn't supposed to end this way!

They drag PLANKTON off screen. RICHARD and SPONGEBOB laugh.